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NO. 37

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THE MARVEL FAMILY

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WINGELL CROWLEY

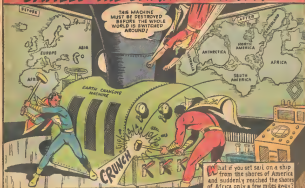
The following outstanding magazines are weekly identified as their content by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • MIKE CONICS • CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • OTIS AND SAM
THE MARVEL FAMILY • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONSIEUR HALL MYSTERY • ROCKY LANE WESTERN
WESTERN HERO • HYDRA THE JUNGLE GIRL • HOPALONG CASSIDY • GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. L. Fawcett, Jr., President

THE MARVEL FAMILY BATTLES THE EARTH CHANGER!



THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN WIZARD SHAZAM HAS ENDOWED BILLY BATSON, HIS NIECE MARY BATSON AND THEIR FRIEND FREDDY FREEMAN WITH AMAZING POWERS. WHEN BILLY AND MARY SAY "SHAZAM!" AND WHEN FREDDY SAYS "CAPTAIN MARVEL," A TRIPLE BLAST OF MAGIC LIGHTNING THUNDER DROPS CHANGING THEM INTO THE MIGHTY MARVEL FAMILY, CAPTAIN MARVEL, MARY MARVEL, AND CAPTAIN MARVEL JUNIOR!

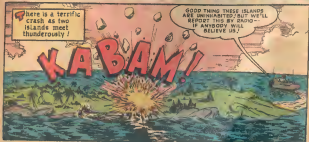
What if you set sail on a ship from the shores of America and suddenly reached the shores of Africa only a few miles away? And then crossing Africa, what if you stepped right into Europe? And crossing Europe, what if you found solid land stretching across the Pacific, too? That would be crazy, wouldn't it? Yet that is exactly what the EARTH CHANGER wished to do to this world of ours! And only the MIGHTY MARVEL FAMILY could prevent this before it led to earth-wide disaster!



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Strange indeed is the sight of a group of tiny islands gyrating through the blue waters?



THE FANTASTIC REPORT COMES TO THE STATION WHILE TELETYPE IN THE OFFICE OF BOY NEWS-CASTER, BILLY BATSON!



VISITING BILLY ARE HIS SISTER MARY BATSON AND THEIR FRIEND FREDDY FREEMAN!



UTTERING THEIR KEY WORDS, THE THREE YOUNGSTERS ARE CHANGED BY MAGIC LIGHTNING INTO THEIR FAMED COUNTER-PARTS—CAPTAIN MARVEL, MARY MARVEL, AND CAPTAIN MARVEL JUNIOR!

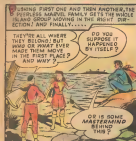


And the mighty MARVEL FAMILY speeds to the scene!



AND FULL SPEED MEANS THAT THEY REACH THERE ONLY MOMENTS LATER, IN TIME TO SEE BUDDING CATASTROPHE!







And later, as a young woman scientist in a laboratory...

AW PLEASE, ABIGAIL, NOT AGAIN!
BUT THE LAB WILL LOOK EVER SO MUCH BETTER WHEN I'VE REARRANGED THINGS!



BY GLOBE, IF THAT WOMAN HAD THE MEANS TO DO IT, SHE WOULD CHANGE THE WHOLE DOOOOONE WORLD AROUND!



BLESS MY SOUL! WHAT A WONDERFUL IDEA!

And thus a stupendous idea was born!

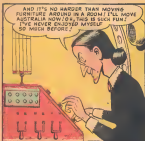
EARTH NEEDS CHANGING AROUND! WHY, LOOK AT AFRICA, ALL BAKED IN THE HOT TROPICAL SUN AND WORTHLESS! AND AUSTRALIA IN THE WRONG PLACE! AND ANTARCTICA ALL TROTTEN OVER AND UNINHABITABLE! THERE ARE GOING TO BE CHANGES MADE!



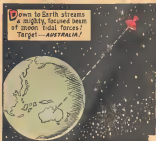
And so, after years of driving effort, Professor Abigail Archibald is ready to begin her astounding project!



THAT WILL BE THE NEW MAP OF THE WORLD, WHEN I FINISH! SOLO LAND! ALL THE WAY AROUND! NO MORE BIG OCEANS TO CROSS! WHY, THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE BETTER OFF!



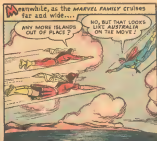
AND IT'S NO HARDER THAN MOVING FURNITURE AROUND IN A ROOM! I'LL MOVE AUSTRALIA NOW! OH, THIS IS SUCH FUN! I'VE NEVER ENJOYED MYSELF SO MUCH BEFORE!



Down to Earth streams a mighty, focused beam of moon tidal forces! Target - AUSTRALIA!



As the continent slowly and ponderously shifts position, there is bewilderment among the people!



Again the watchful MARVEL FAMILY prevents tragedy!







THE NASTY THING I'LL
TEACH THEM A LESSON! I'LL
FOCUS MY MOON BEAM ON
THEM! I'LL OZAG THEM
UP INTO SPACE AND KICK
THEM OUT OF THE
UNIVERSE!



3 port,
down
on earth...

AUSTRALIA
IS SAFE!
NOW WE'LL--

HOLY MOLEY!
DO YOU FEEL
SOME POWERFUL
FORCE DRIPPING
YOU?

Like stones at the end of a string, the three
Marvels are hurled away from earth by the
focused beam of moon forces!



Wow!

Hey!

Goley!

Taken by surprise, the Marvel Family is
catapulted a billion miles up into space
before they can recover!



AT LAST WE
CAN TURN
BACK!

KIDS, THERE IS ONLY
ONE FORCE THAT COULD
DO THIS TO US--THE
CONCENTRATED FORCE
OF THE MOON'S
GRAVITATION!



THAT'S OUR FIRST CLUE TO HOW
THIS IS HAPPENING! YOU TWO
GO BACK TO EARTH AND KEEP
GUARD! I'M GOING TO FIND
WHERE THAT FORCE
COMES FROM!



After a search between
the Earth and the Moon...

DO I SEE SOMETHING
WHIRLING THERE? IT
HAYT A STAR! IT LOOKS
LIKE SOMETHING
MAN-MADE!

But meanwhile, within the
space station....



I SET AFRICA INTO MOTION
TOWARD THE ATLANTIC
OCEAN! NOW I'LL START
AFRICA MOVING, TOO!
AND THERE ARE NO MEN
OLD ENOUGH TO STOP ME!





COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in

Flash Gordon
adventure

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE
IN

Rocky Lane
adventure

EVERY MONTH!

ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL
NEWSSTAND!

Get us direct from you and save us cardboard!



RIVER RESCUE

ANOTHER EXCITING **R.C.**
AND **QUICKIE** ADVENTURE!

R.C. and **QUICKIE** STOP THEIR FISHING TO
ENJOY A FRESH ROYAL CROWN COLA FISH-LE...JUNK!
SUDDENLY THEY HEAR A SIZZLING...

CRASH!
WHAACK!

OH!
OH!
OH-OH-OH!

QUICKIE, LOOK!



PAUSE, QUICKIE!
WE HEARD
SIZZLING...
SUE JUST
DO HUNT!
I'M HURRYING
(PUNT) GET YOUR
SHOES ON! AND
GET READY
TO JUMP!

QUICK AS A FLARE, **R.C.** RIPS OFF
HIS SHOES.



GOOD THING
I HAD THAT
R.C. I'LL NEED
PLenty OF
SWEETENERS!

R.C. AND **QUICKIE** ALWAYS DRINK
ROYAL CROWN COLA. IT'S BEET-
TASTING, FULL OF QUICK ENER-
GY, COOL, AND REFRESHING!



THAT'S THE
BAD "R.C."



NOT HERE!
HOW CAN I GET ONLY
LEFT HERE TO THE
SURFACE AT
THE



HERE'S COMING IN!
ALL RIGHT, QUICKIE,
THE CRASH MUST BE
HAPPENING HER OUT.

QUICK WORK, **R.C.**
SHE'S COMING TO



WATER BY
QUICKIE'S HOME.

SOON, PELLER,
HOW CAN I GET
THAT R.C.?

YOU'VE DONE
PLenty, AND

COOL OFF WITH BEET-TASTING
ROYAL CROWN COLA! IT'S THE ONLY
COLA THAT SAVES YOU ALL THINGS!
COOL, BEET-TASTING, AND FULL
GLASS. IT'S IN THEIR BEST PLACE.

QUICKIE THE
BEET-TASTING
R.C. IS A
WONDERFUL
REFRESH





PAPER, MISTER?

By Larry Steinfeldt



ROCKY ROLLINS flexed his muscles and shadow boxed around his dressing room. "Yes," he thought with savage satisfaction, "he was all right."

He had come a long way since he had been a kid who liked to beat up a newsboy for the sheer delight it gave him to whip someone thoroughly.

He often thought of the kids he used to know. He wondered what they were doing now? He, Rocky Rollins, was a top heavyweight.

He was still in the old neighborhood. He owned houses there now and, the people hated him. They were afraid of him, and he was glad. It satisfied him.

They never asked him to do anything for any of the benefits they ran, or for their innumerable charities.

He was back in town to train in Mulligan's Gym again after another tour of the south with a top fight fight here and there. He hadn't lost a bout. It had been a good tour.

He stopped shadow boxing around the dressing room and lay on his back on the rubbing table. Fat Maxie Blair, the best rubber in the business, kneaded his muscles and slapped his skin a tingling red. Rocky felt good. He bounced off the table and shadow boxed around some more.

"Whatcha looking at me that way for, Max?" he asked. "And how's the crowd out there?"

Max shrugged, and Rocky became suspicious. Max generally had a word to cover any situation.

"If you don't like me you know what you can do," Rocky snapped, and Max looked at him with his sad face. "Why, I could punch your head off," Rocky snarled.

"You were right, Rocky," Max said softly and taped the fighter's hands.

Rocky felt uneasy. He couldn't figure out what was the matter? He wondered why everyone seemed strange today? But he

shrugged off his uneasiness, slipped into his robe and went out. He headed for the center ring. The kid waiters who had been sparring there saw him coming and cleared out. Rocky waited for one to come back. The kid pronounced that he had had enough. But when Rocky insisted, he was back into the ring.

Rocky used him for a punching bag for a round and when the crowd drifted away he sent the kid off. He eyed the crowd and saw them stop to watch a lean, smooth-muscled young heavy working in the neighborhood ring.

Whenever the fellow was he seemed good. Rocky stepped down out of the ring. "Hey, Max," he called to his rubber. "Who's that?"

"Golden Gloves and intercollegiate champ, Freddy Filmer."

Freddy Filmer. The name clicked in Rocky's brain and the years seemed to roll away. Back there some place in Rocky's past was a Freddy Filmer.

"Nah, it can't be," Rocky said.

The Golden Gloves didn't mean anything to Rocky. He had done all the amateur punching he wanted to on the streets. When he was ready he went out as pro and made money. He had done all right, too.

But Freddy Filmer? Then Rocky remembered having heard something about him. He was the neighborhood kid who wouldn't stay locked. He was the kid who had gone on to law school.

Rocky vaguely remembered the rag tag bunch of Filmer kids. The father was a puny tailor, and the kids sold papers. As Rocky stood there thinking, it came back to him.

HE REMEMBERED beating up Jimmy, first. It had been funny. The dark, good-looking kid had tried to fight and protect his papers at the same time. Rocky had beaten him, and then had dragged him by the feet across his newspapers into the

CONTINUED AFTER MARY MARVEL STORY

HOW "ROCKY" LANE RESCUED

HIS FAMOUS HORSE

BLACK JACK

FROM THE OUTLAWS



ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE, Famous Cowboy Star, appearing in Republic's production "Riders of Wichita"—a thrilling drama of the Old West.

BLACK JACKS GONE, ROCKY! THOSE HORSE THIEVES STOLE HIM FOR RANSOM.

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY A HORSE CAN GET THAT TALL CLUMP THE GUFF AND HEAD 'EM OFF.



The outlaws stole Rocky's horse in the night, and left a ransom note.

GOOD THING I HAD MY CARNATION MALTED BEFORE I STARTED! THIS TAKES ENERGY.



Shopping only for a Carnation Malted, Rocky strobe the cliff.

THERE'S BLACK JACK! AND THE RUSTLERS ARE SLEEPING...



...but Black Jack scented Rocky, and split the silent down with a loud whinny!

AM!



What a fight! They met Rocky head-on! But even after his long effort he had plenty of energy left, from his Carnation Malted!

I'LL GO FOR THE SHERIFF, ROCKY! BUT YOU'RE ALL IN!

NOT ME! JUST GIVE ME ANOTHER CARNATION MALTED, AND I COULD START ALL OVER AGAIN.



Here's the secret of Rocky's energy. Wouldn't you like to have it?



ASK YOUR MOM TO GIVE YOU CARNATION MALTEDS, PARTNER! THEY'LL HELP YOU GET BIGGER AND STRONGER FASTER!

Rocky Lane's as strong and hardy as they come! He had to be, for his ragged life. So Rocky drinks plenty of Carnation Malted Milk, to help him keep in top condition. It's a real energy food, builds bone-and-muscle. So take Rocky's tip, for extra endurance and strength...drink Carnation Malted at home, often. They're easy to mix—and boy, are they good!



TWO FLAVORS
Chocolate and Natural
in ready-to-serve form.

CAPT. MARVEL JR.

and THE MAN WITH THE WHIRLING EYES!

THE OLD WIZARD SHAZAM HAS GIVEN DEEPLY **FREDDY FREEMAN** THE POWER OF AN HERO. HE'S BECOME **CAPTAIN MARVEL**, AND TAKEN INTO THE RANGED FIGHTING ROSE OF EVIL, **CAPT. MARVEL JR.!**

HE'S HELPLESS. THROW HIM TO THE SWAMP!



The magic of hypnotism can make ordinary mortals do many strange things. But what effect can this perilous power have on the World's Mightiest Boy? Captain Marvel Jr. takes a death-defying chance to find out when he meets **THE MAN WITH THE WHIRLING EYES!**

RAIN AND WIND LASH AGAINST MR. WARDNER'S BOMBERHOUSE WHILE FREDDY FREEMAN SLEEPS! IT IS MIDNIGHT!



OUT OF THE DARK COMES A CALLER!



GOOD EVENING! I AM COUNT PERIL (22) MAY I SEE YOUR ROOMER, FREDDY FREEMAN, PLEASE?

SORRY! HE'S IN BED NOW!



THE MARVEL FAMILY



THE MARVEL FAMILY

THE NEXT MORNING ...

I'VE GOT THE FUNNIEST FEELING! AS IF I WERE IN DANGER! BUT HOW? FROM WHAT? ANYWAY, JUST TO PLAY SAFE,

CAPTAIN MARVEL!



WHEN DANGER THREATENS, FREDDY FREEMAN HAS ONLY TO CALL THE NAME OF HIS MIGHTY SPONSOR AND THERE'S A LIGHTNING CHANGE!



HE BECAME CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S TRUE, LEO! FREDDY, BUT MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT!



FOOTPRINTS! SOMEONE WAS IN THIS ROOM LAST NIGHT! I'LL SEE IF I CAN FOLLOW THEM OUTSIDE!



TOO LATE! HIS FOOTPRINTS ARE GONE! WELL, MAYBE IF FREDDY THINKS HARD HE CAN REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED! SO CAPTAIN MARVEL!



ONCE AGAIN, THE MAGIC WORDS, AND THEN THE MAGIC CHANGE!



I'LL SO SELL MY PAPERS! THANK GOODNESS THIS IS SUNDAY! I'LL HAVE ALL AFTERNOON TO TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHO THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR WAS AND WHAT HE WANTED!



BY NOON, FREDDY HAD SOLD ALL HIS PAPERS!

I SHOULD GO HOME TO DINNER! BUT SOME STRANGE POWER IS DRAWING ME TO THE WATER-FRONT!





FREE I AM!
I...WILL...DO....
YOUR...BIDDING!



YES, MASTER!



YES, BUT HE'LL GET SYMPATHY! NO ONE WILL EXPLODE HIM!



WHY, EE, OF COURSE!



SEE?

AMAZING! I'LL TAKE A BOTTLE!



SOLD OUT! AN HONEST DAY'S WORK AND I MAKE A PROFIT OF A DIME ON EVERY BOTTLE!

FREDDY GOES FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE, FOLLOWING THE COUNT'S ORDERS!

FREDDY THINKS HE HAS BEEN HONEST, BUT IN HIS HYPNOTIZED STATE HE HAS BEEN AIDING IN A SINISTER CRIMINAL PLOT!



THE MARVEL FAMILY

AFTER FLUNG AND SEARCHING OVER
HALF THE TOWN, CAPTAIN
MARVEL JR. IS DEBARRIED.

WAIT! THOSE FOOTPRINTS! THEY
RESEMBLE THE ONES IN FREDDY'S
ROOM! I'LL FOLLOW THEM!



THE FAMILIAR FOOTPRINTS
LEAD TO THE DOCK, AND---



BOY HOLLY!
HE MUST HAVE
GONE ABOARD
SOME SHIP!

THAT YACHT! IT'S THE
ONLY CRAFT IN SIGHT!
MURDER ME'S ON THAT!



THE FORTH YACHT OVERTAKES THE SHIP IN TWO TIME!



HEY, WHERE'D
HE COME
FROM?

A STOWAWAY?
GET HIM!



BUT THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST
BOY CANNOT BE PHYSICALLY
HARMED!

BOBBY I HAVEN'T TIME TO CHAT
WITH YOU BOYS! I MUST INTER-
VIEW FREDDY FREEMAN'S
MIDNIGHT VISITOR!



YOU KNOW, EN T SO MUCH
THE WORSE FOR YOU, BLUE
BOY, GIVE INTO MY EYES!

NO... I...
OH!



CAN THE EVIL COUNT ICE WORK
HIS HYPNOSIS ON THE WORLD'S
MIGHTIEST BOY?

FREEZE, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR!
YOU ARE NOW IN THE POWER
OF COUNT PERIL ICE.



YES! I WANTED YOUNG FREDDY,
THE LAME NEWSBOY, AND
HYPNOTIZED HIM! I HAD SELECTED
HIM AS THE IDEAL SALESMAN
FOR MY PRODUCT!



AND NOW HE'S IN THE TALK
OF THE LAW WHILE IM FREE
TO SAIL ON, TO LOOT THE
NEXT TOWN! PERHAPS YOU
WOULDN'T MIND I TELL YOU
THIS!



IT IS BECAUSE YOU, STIFF
AND HELPLESS, ARE TO BE
THROWN TO THE SHARKS.
COME, BOYS!



SORRY! YOUR HYPNOTISM DIDN'T
AFFECT ME! I FOLLOWED A TRANCE
TO HEAR YOUR STORY!



LATER...

PERIL ICE AND
HIS BURLARS ARE IN JAIL!
FREDDY'S COMPLETELY
CLEARED! AND WITH HIS BLACK
EYES, I DON'T THINK THERE'S
ANY DANGER OF HIS
HYPNOTIZING THE
JAILER TO MAKE
HE ESCAPE!



FIRST
TIME
OFFER

Looks like a bird... flaps its wings like a bird...
ACTUALLY FLIES LIKE A BIRD!!!

It's **"FLAPHAPPY"**

the latest
scientific
marvel!

WOWIE!
LOOK AT
'ER FLY!



Mom and Dad and your friends
will say "I just don't believe it!" —
but

FLAPHAPPY will flap its wings
just like a real bird and fly like
any animal the room!

Greatest idea since Orville Wright's
flying machine! The experts just couldn't
believe their eyes when they first saw Flap-
happy! Because here's Flapping-wing motion
that really works!

Took over 2000 years to perfect!

The ancient Greeks tried to
make a "bird machine" — and
failed. Others thought the idea
wasn't even worth making. Now,
you can own ONE!



Offer not good outside of continental U. S. & A.

Now you can have this marvelous new
toy for a song! Ordinarily such an
exciting flying toy might be quite expensive.
But by special arrangement the makers of
GRAPE-NUTS and GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
now offer these toys for ONLY 15¢ AND A
BOX TOP from either of these great cereals!

Offer terminates December 31, 1949

IT'S ONLY

15¢

AND THE TOP
FROM ONLY
ONE BOX OF
GRAPE-NUTS OR
GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES



Products of
General Foods

BE THE FIRST OF YOUR
GANG TO GET IT —
MAIL THIS NOW!



Send Me That Flapping, Flying Flaphappy Bird!

Puritt's Cereals — Dept. F. — P.O. Box 109

Rocky Creek, N.Y.

Gentlemen, I'm enclosing 15¢ and the top from a box
of Grape-Nuts (or Grape-Nuts Flakes) Send my
Flaphappy!

MY NAME _____

STREET — NO. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

This offer good in any Federal, State, or local municipality
where post paid or add-on is prohibited.

Offer not good outside of continental U. S. & A.



MARY MARVEL

and *The Sinister Sleep*



Among legendary characters, none is more beloved than the sandman—that mythical sprite who gently sprinkles sand into the eyes of tired children and sends them off to dreamland! But when a modern criminal plays Sandman and plunges a whole city into helpless slumber, it becomes a waking nightmare for MARY MARVEL, the World's Mightiest Girl!

AN OLD QUOTATION STATES THAT THE GREATEST BLESSING IN LIFE IS—SLEEP/SAND NO TORTURE IS GREATER, PERHAPS, THAN INSOMNIA!



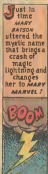
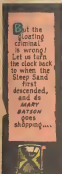
INSOMNIA, EH? Forget THE TEST CASE! I NEED/COME WITH ME! I'M DR. JAMPBAUM, AND I'VE JUST PERFECTED MY NEW SLEEP SAND!



MY SLEEP SAND! IF THIS EXPERIMENT WORKS, I'LL CURE INSOMNIA ALL OVER THE WORLD!

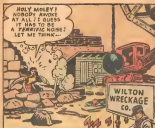












IT'S LIKE THUNDER,
BUT IT DIDN'T WORK!
I THINK I'LL CONSULT
THE LIBRARY
NEXT!





COME ONE! COME ALL!

Join the **CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB**

Captain Marvel,
Marvel's Most Powerful Hero.

Join Captain Marvel!

Please send me a member of the growing CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB. I understand I'll be able to obtain the rest of my life. I understand that I can be certain my CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD, which costs no money, will be the CAPTAIN MARVEL MEMBERSHIP BUTTON along with many other prizes.

Name

Street Address

City State Zip

Send me one Marvel Club Card and one CAPTAIN MARVEL MEMBERSHIP BUTTON along with many other prizes.



quid. It had given him a lot of good laughs.

The next day the younger brother, Willie, took him on. He almost killed that kid. An hour later, the next Filmer came up. He was short and squat. But he was plucky. He stared Rocky right in the face and asked, "paper, mister?" Rocky laughed and hit the kid a wallop on the side of the head. The kid went down, but he got up punching, scratching, and kicking.

The kid got him down by bring his leg. He beat that kid badly. The kid lay bleeding and unconscious. Then Rocky took the newspapers and dumped them over the kid.

The two older brothers came running out of the house and tore into Rocky. He battered them and then cracked their heads together.

A cop came along and Rocky disappeared into the house and up to the roof.

The next day, the father of the kids came at Rocky in a mad rash of rage. Rocky laughed so hard he could hardly see. He slugged the little man down with one blow to his stomach, and one to his jaw. They took the father to the hospital with a ruptured appendix. Rocky laughed over that for a long time.

Now, over in the other ring doing fancy stuff was a Filmer. Rocky chuckled to himself. He walked over, and the crowd made way as he went to the apron of the ring. A hush like a held breath settled over the gym.

ROCKY VAULTED UP and climbed through the ropes. The man with whom

Freddy Filmer was sparring left the ring.

"Hello," Rocky grinned mockingly. Freddy Filmer looked at him. "I'm Rocky Rollins," Rocky said.

"My name is Fred Filmer."

"Which one of the Filmer's are you?"

"The little pudgy one. I sold newspapers."

"You ever sell me any?"

"No, I never sold you any."

"Want to sell me some now?"

"I'm willing to try." And Freddy Filmer moved just enough to let Rocky's sneak first blow whistle over his ear. He ducked the next and countered with a short hard chop under the ribs that left a red mark on Rocky's midsection.

Rocky tried to overwhelm Freddy Filmer with a Harry Greb flurry. But those blows that Rocky didn't miss completely slid off Filmer's elbows. Rocky knew he was up against a clever opponent. He'd have to show him up fast. He sailed in with all he had, ripping holes in the air. The kid was a phantom. And Rocky was taking punches.

"Heck," he thought, "he was not in good condition. He should have rested before coming here after the tour."

But as he made excuses to himself, he took one hard smack flush on the nose. He tasted blood. He covered and backed away, listening for the bell. But the gong man wasn't watching the time. He was watching something he had been waiting to see for a long time.

Rocky Rollins, winner of sixty-eight straight fights, was taking a beating in this run-of-the-mill gym stint. He caught a glimpse of the gloating crowd.

"Who is this guy?" he asked himself, gasping, "the ghost of Jim Corbett?"

He felt the strength go out of his arms. His legs were like dead weights. His breath was burning his lungs like a hot iron. He almost screamed for the timekeeper to hit the gong.

He dragged himself around. There seemed to be four images in front of him. He had trouble singling out the one he was fighting. And there were all those gloves going slug—slug—slug—never a miss! The guy must grow tired. But Freddy Filmer didn't tire. He kept shooting punches at Rocky in a smooth rhythm of annihilation.

Finally Rocky Rollins just gave way like soft rubber. He sank slowly and the punches went down with him. As he lay there he could hear the hooping, the jeers, the cat-calls. Few men had been so disliked in the ring as Rocky was.

As Rocky lay there, his face in the ropes, the years seemed to flow away from him.

AS THOUGH FROM MILES away, as though from years ago, he heard Freddy Filmer ask:

"Paper, mister?"

THE END

THE MARVEL FAMILY
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VOL. 1, NO. 10

PAGE 1

HEADLINE HARRY

and "THE LUGGAGE MYSTERY"



At The Office of the "GAZABO GAZETTE"



SOME GEEK HAS BEEN PULLING A CLEVER SACKET AT THE DOORS! WHENEVER A SHIP COMES IN, HE PRETENDS TO BE A REDCAP, NO BUNS OFF WITH SOME POOR VICTIMS EXPENSIVE LUGGAGE!





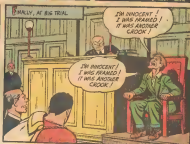
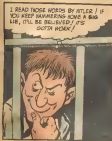
MEANWHILE AT THE DOCK



THE MARVEL FAMILY









AND IN THE AIR, A SOUNDING PLANE REPEATS THE GREAT LIE!



(EVEN UNFAIRIES ARE DROPPED!)



DOUBT IS SOWN AND AS THE LIE YEARS REPEATING, THERE IS AN EVIL RHYTHM!



PASSING BY IS BILLY BATSON, BOY HEADCASTER OF STATION WREX, AND...



MAGIC LIGHTNING BLAZES DOWN AT THE MYSTIC WORD, BRINGING BILLY HIS OTHER FORM, OF CAPTAIN MARVEL!

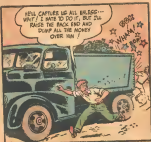
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The Marvel Family

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THE ANSWERS TO THIS MONTH'S PUZZLES WILL APPEAR ON NEXT MONTH'S MARVEL FAMILY PUZZLE PAGE

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ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" STORY

THE GANG WAS OUT ON A HIKE THE DAY BIG BRUNO ESCAPED FROM THE CIRCUS...



IN THE WOODS, JIM AND THE BOYS ARE TRAIL-BLAZING, WHEN SUDDENLY...



HEAD FOR THAT DEEP OPEN PIT WE PASSED BEFORE--FASTER, FELLAS!

I'M SURE GLAD JIM TOLD US ABOUT "P-F'S"!



WHAT JIM TOLD THE BOYS ABOUT "P-F":
HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAMPS, POWER, SPEEDS UP YOUR GAME, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.

2. THE SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



THE BOYS SHD THEIR LIFE-AND-DEATH SPRINT WITH A RECORD-BUSTIN' BROADJUMP...



"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

HERE, BOYS--HAVE SOME FREE PASSES TO THE BIG SHOW! THAT WAS ONE TRICK WE CIRCUS FOLKS NEVER SAW BEFORE...

NO TRICK TO IT, SIR--WHEN YOU'RE WEARING "P-F'S."



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